

from the narrator, to avoid wearying our readers by an appearance of egotism, the professor then, Maître Éliphas Lévi, gave to those assembled in the drawing-room of Madame de B——, the scientific explanation of these three characters, in the following manner:—

“These three signs belong to the series of sacred and primitive hieroglyphs known only to initiates of the first order. The first is the signature of Typhon. It expresses the blasphemy of this evil spirit by establishing dualism in the creative cause. For the *crux ansata* of Osiris is an inverted lingam, and represents the paternal and active power of God—the vertical line issuing from the circle—fertilising the passive Nature—the horizontal line. To double the vertical line is to assert that nature has two fathers, it is the substitution of adultery in place of divine maternity, it is the affirmation of blind fatality, with the eternal conflict of appearances in the void as its result, instead of the affirmation of an intelligent first cause; it is, therefore, the most ancient, authentic, and terrible of the stigmata of hell. It signifies the *god atheist*, it is Satan's signature, and being of a hieratic character, it corresponds to the occult characters of the divine world.

“The second signature belongs to philosophical hieroglyphs; it represents the ascensional measure of the idea and the progressive extension of the form. It is a triple Tau inverted, it is human thought by turns affirming the absolute in the three worlds, and here this absolute is terminated by a fork, that is, by the sign of doubt and antagonism. So that if the first character means, *There is no God*, the rigorous signification of the second is that *There is no hierarchic truth*.

“The third, or philosophic cross, has been in all initiations the symbol of Nature and her four elementary forms; the four points represent the four inexpressible and incommunicable letters of the occult Tetragram, that eternal formula of the great Arcanum G. ∴ A. ∴. The two points on the right side represent power, those on the left love, and the four letters should be read from right to left, beginning at the top right-hand side, and thence proceeding to the bottom letter of the left, and so on for the others, making St Anthony's Cross. The suppression of the two points to the left signifies, therefore, the negation of the Cross, the negation of mercy and love;

the affirmation of the absolute reign of force, and its eternal antagonism, from above below, and from below above; the glorification of tyranny and revolt; the hieroglyphic sign of the nameless vice which rightly or wrongly was reproached against the Templars; the sign of eternal disorder and despair."

Such then are the first revelations of the hidden science of the Magi on these extra-natural manifestations. And now let us be permitted to compare other contemporary apparitions of phenomenal writings with these signatures, for it is a process which science should institute before appealing to the tribunal of public reason. No investigation and no indication should, therefore, be disdained.

At Tilly-sur-Seulles, in the vicinity of Caen, a series of inexplicable phenomena occurred some years ago, under the influence of a medium named Eugène Vintras. Certain ridiculous processes and a swindling law-suit caused this thaumaturge to fall speedily into oblivion and contempt; he was attacked besides with virulence in pamphlets whose authors were formerly admirers of his doctrines, for the medium Vintras meddles with dogmatism. One thing is, nevertheless, noteworthy in the invectives to which he is subject, that his adversaries, while seeking to defame him, acknowledge the truth of his miracles, and content themselves with ascribing them to the devil.

What, then, are these authenticated miracles of Vintras? On this point we are better informed than any one, as will presently be seen. Official reports signed by honourable witnesses, artists, doctors, priests, otherwise irreproachable, have been communicated to us; we have examined eye witnesses, and, better than all, we have seen for ourselves. The matters deserve to be related with some detail.

A writer who, to say the least, is eccentric, and whose name is M. Madrolle, now lives at Paris. He is an old man whose family and connections are reputable. He wrote formerly in the most exalted Catholic strain, and received the most flattering encouragements from ecclesiastical authority, even approbations emanating from the Apostolic Seat; finally, he saw Vintras, and drawn away by the prestige of his miracles, he has changed into an obstinate sectarian and an irreconcilable enemy of the hierarchy and priesthood.

At the period when Éliphas Lévi published his *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, he received a broadside from M.

Madrolle which astounded him. The author maintained loudly therein the most unheard of paradoxes in the confused style of ecstasies. According to him, life was sufficient for the expiation of the greatest crimes, since these were the result of a death sentence. The most wicked men, being the most unfortunate of all, appear, in his eyes, to offer God a more sublime expiation. He declaimed against every check and every condemnation. "A religion which condemns is a condemned religion!" he cried, and subsequently preached the most complete licence under the pretence of charity, forgetting himself so far as to say that the most imperfect and apparently reprehensible act of love was of more value than the most perfect prayer. Finally, he denied the existence of the devil with a vehemence which was occasionally full of eloquence.

"Imagine to yourself," said he, "a devil tolerated by God, commissioned by God! Imagine, further, a God who has created the devil, and permits him to fall furiously on creatures so weak already and so quick to deceive themselves! A God of the devil, in fine, seconded, anticipated, and even surpassed by a Satanic God." The rest of the performance was of similar force. The professor of magic was almost frightened, and obtained the address of M. Madrolle. It was not without some trouble that he discovered this singular pamphleteer, and the conversation which then took place between them was very nearly as follows:—

Eliphas Lévi.—"Monsieur, I have received your *brochure*; I have come to thank you for your present, and venture at the same time to testify to you my astonishment and regret."

M. Madrolle.—"Your regret, Monsieur. Will you kindly explain yourself? I scarcely understand you."

"I regret poignantly, monsieur, to see you guilty of errors into which I fell formerly myself, but I had, at least, the excuse of youth and inexperience. Your brochure misses fire because it wants moderation. Your intention was, doubtless, to protest against errors in faith and abuses in morals, but it turns out that it is faith itself, and morality, that you attack. The exaltation which overflows in your little work must itself do you considerable wrong, and some of your best friends have been reasonably anxious about your health."

"I don't doubt it! They have said, and still say, that I

am mad, but it is not the first time that believers must experience the folly of the Cross. I am excited, monsieur, and you would be the same in my place, because it is impossible to be unmoved in the presence of prodigies."

"Ah! you speak of prodigies; this interests me. Come now, frankly and between ourselves, what wonders are in question?"

"What wonders indeed if not those of the great prophet Elias, returned to earth under the name of Pierre Michel!"

"I see, you are speaking of Vintras; I have heard his performances spoken of. But does he really work wonders?"

At this M. Madrolle leaped on his chair, lifted his eyes and hands to heaven, and ended by smiling with a condescension which was akin to profound piety.

"Does he work wonders, monsieur? Why, the greatest, the most astounding, the most incontestable, the most veritable miracles performed on earth since the days of Jesus Christ? . . . What! Thousands of Hosts appear on altars where there were none; wine rises in empty chalices, and it is no delusion, it is wine, a delicious wine; celestial music is heard; the fragrance of another world diffuses itself, and, finally, blood—true human blood which doctors have examined—oozes and sometimes flows copiously from the Hosts, leaving mysterious characters thereon. I tell you here what I have seen, what I have heard, what I have touched, what I have tasted! And you would have me keep cool in the face of an ecclesiastical authority which finds it easier to deny all than to examine the smallest thing."

"Allow me, monsieur; it is pre-eminently in matters of religion that authority can never be wrong. What is good in religion is the hierarchy, and what is evil is anarchy; to what, in fact, would sacerdotal influence be reduced if you assert as a principle that we must believe in the testimony of our senses rather than in the decisions of the Church? Is not the Church more visible than all your miracles? Those who behold miracles and do not see the Church are more to be pitied than the blind, for they have not even the resource of being led."

"Monsieur, I know all this as well as yourself, but God cannot contradict Himself; He will not allow sincerity to be deceived, and the Church herself cannot decide that I am blind when I have eyes. . . . Stay, here is what we

read in the letters of John Hus, towards the end of the forty-third letter :—‘A doctor told me that I should submit to the Council in all things, and then all would be well and legitimate for me. He added : If the Council said you had one eye though you have two, it must still be maintained that the Council is not wrong. I answered that if the universal world declared such a thing, so long as I had the use of my reason, I could not admit it without injuring my conscience.’ With John Hus I reply to you that truth and reason existed before any Church and Council.”

“I must interrupt you, my dear monsieur. Formerly you were a Catholic ; you are such no longer, but consciences are free. I simply submit that the institution of hierarchic infallibility in matters of religion is far more reasonable and far more incontestable than all the miracles in the world. Besides, what should not be done to preserve peace ? Do you think that John Hus would not have been a greater man had he sacrificed one of his eyes to universal concord instead of inundating Europe with blood ? Oh, monsieur, let the Church decide when it pleases that I am blind of one eye, I beg but a single favour, it is to tell me of which one, that I may close it up henceforth, and see by the other only with irreproachable orthodoxy.”

“I confess I am not orthodox after your fashion.”

“I see that well ; but let us return to the prodigies ! You have then seen, touched, smelt, and tasted ! But, exaltation apart, will you describe me something circumstantially and in detail, something which above all shall be evidently miraculous ? Am I overbold in asking this ?”

“Not the least in the world, but what shall I select ? There are so many. . . . Stay !” he added, after a moment’s reflection, and with a slight emotional tremor in his voice, “the prophet is in London and we are here. Very well ; now if, mentally only, you should ask him to send you the Sacrament immediately, and if in a place closed by yourself, in your own house, say, in a cloth or in a book, you should find a Host on your return, what would you think ?”

“I should declare the fact inexplicable by common critical methods.”

“Well, sir,” cried M. Madrolle triumphantly, “that is exactly what frequently happens to me ! Yes, monsieur,

when I wish it, that is, when I am prepared and trust that I am worthy of it, I find the Host where I ask for it, I find it really and palpably, though often ornamented with little miraculous hearts which might have been the work of Raphael."

Éliphas Lévi, who felt ill at ease during the discussion of facts with which a kind of profanation of the most sacred things was mixed up, took his leave of the former Catholic writer, and went away pondering on the strange influence of Vintras, who thus had turned this old-established faith and this old scholar's understanding,

Some days after, the Kabbalist Éliphas was aroused at an early hour in the morning by an unknown visitor. He was a white-haired man, dressed entirely in black, having the countenance of an extremely devout priest; in a word, he was of highly respectable appearance. This ecclesiastic was provided with a letter of introduction couched in the following terms:—

"DEAR MASTER,

"I present you an old scholar who would jabber with you the jargon of sorcery. Receive him as myself (that is, as I have myself received him), by getting rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Yours wholly in the sacred and saintly Kabbalah,

"AD. DESBARROLLES."

"Monsieur l'abbé," said Éliphas, smiling as he finished reading, "I am quite at your service, and can refuse nothing to the friend who has written to me. So you have seen my excellent pupil Desbarrolles?"

"Yes, monsieur, and have found him a most amiable and erudite man. I consider yourself and him to be worthy of the truth recently manifested by the astounding miracles and undoubted revelations of the archangel St Michael."

"Monsieur, you honour us. Has Desbarrolles astonished you by his knowledge?"

"Undoubtedly! He possesses in no common degree the secrets of chiromancy; on the mere inspection of my hand he told me nearly all the history of my life."

"He is quite able to; did he go into minute details?"

"Sufficiently minute to convince me of his extraordinary knowledge."

"Did he say that you were formerly curé of Saint-Louis, in the diocese of Tours, that you are the most zealous follower of the ecstatic Eugène Vintras, and that your name is Charvoz?"

This was a perfect *coup de théâtre*; the old priest at each of these questions leaped on his chair; when he heard his name, he turned pale and started up as if a spring had been touched and impelled him.

"You are indeed a magician," he cried. "Charvoz is certainly my name, but it is not the one which I now pass under—I call myself La Paraz."

"I know it; La Paraz is your mother's name. You have left an enviable position, monsieur, that of a country curé with a most charming presbytery, to share the perturbed existence of a sectarian."

"Say, rather of a great prophet!"

"Monsieur, I believe confidently in your own good faith, but you will permit me to examine slightly the character and mission of your prophet."

"Yes, Monsieur, investigation, broad daylight, the light of science, are precisely what we seek. Come to London and see for yourself—the miracles are permanent!"

"Monsieur, will you first give me some scrupulously exact details on these miracles?"

"As many as you please." And thereupon the old priest began to narrate things which everyone would have considered impossible, but which in no way astonished the professor of transcendent magic. For instance, one day, in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, Vintras was preaching before his heterodox altar, twenty-five persons being present at his discourse. There was an empty chalice on the altar, one well known to the Abbé Charvoz, for he had brought it from his church at Mont Louis, and was absolutely certain that the sacred vessel had neither secret conduit nor double bottom.

"To prove," said Vintras, "that God Himself inspires me, He has revealed to me that the chalice is about to fill with drops of blood under the semblance of wine, that all of you may taste the juice of the vine of futurity, that wine which we shall drink with the Saviour in the kingdom of His Father."

"Seized with astonishment and fear," said the Abbé Charvoz, "I went up to the altar, took the chalice, looked

into it, and found it quite empty. I turned it upside down before all, then descended to kneel at the foot of the altar, holding the chalice in my two hands. Suddenly, a slight noise, like a drop of water falling from the ceiling into the chalice, was distinctly audible, and a drop of wine appeared at the bottom of the cup. All eyes were turned towards me, and then to the ceiling, for our simple gathering was held in a poor room; the ceiling had neither break nor fissure, nothing was seen to fall, and, nevertheless, the sound of the drops as they descended increased in rapidity, while the wine rose towards the brim. When full, I passed it slowly under the eyes of all present, then the prophet wetted his lips with it, and all, one after another, tasted the miraculous wine. No recollection of delicious savour gave any idea of it. . . . And then what shall I tell you of the blood-prodigies which daily astonish us? Thousands of bleeding hosts fall on our altars. The sacred stigmata are manifested to those who desire it. Hosts, which at first were white, are slowly imprinted with characters and bleeding hearts. Must we believe that God would abandon the holiest of things to the wonder-working of the demon? Must we not rather adore and confess that the hour of the supreme and final revelation has arrived?"

While thus speaking, the Abbé Charvoz had the same kind of nervous tremor in his voice which Éliphas Lévi had already noticed in M. Madrolle. The magician bent his head thoughtfully, then all at once—"Monsieur," he said to the Abbé, "you have one or more of these miraculous hosts about you—be good enough to show me them!"

"Monsieur!"

"I am convinced that you have; why attempt to deny it?"

"I do not deny it," said the Abbé Charvoz, "but you will excuse me from exposing to the investigations of incredulity the objects of the most sincere and exalted faith."

"Monsieur Charvoz," said Éliphas gravely, "incredulity is the distrust of an ignorance almost certain to deceive itself. Science is not incredulous. In the first place, I believe in your conviction, since you have embraced a life of privation and even of reprobation for your unhappy opinion. Show me, therefore, your miraculous hosts, and

be assured of my respect for the objects of a sincere adoration."

"Well," said the Abbé Charvoz, after some further demur, "I will do so," and he unbuttoned the top of his black waistcoat and took out a small silver reliquary, before which he knelt down with tears in his eyes and prayers on his lips. Éliphas knelt beside him, and the Abbé opened the reliquary, which contained three hosts, one whole and the others almost in a paste, and as if kneaded with blood. The whole host bore upon each side a heart in relief on the centre—a clot of blood in the shape of a heart, and which seemed formed within the host itself in an inexplicable manner. The blood could not have been applied from without, for the colouring by imbibing had left white the particles which adhered to the outer surface. The phenomenon had the same characteristics on both sides. The professor of magic was seized with involuntary trembling, which did not pass unnoticed by the old priest, who, having again venerated and locked his reliquary, took out an album from his pocket and silently placed it in the hands of Éliphas. It contained copies of all the bleeding characters which had been seen on the hosts from the beginning of the miracles and ecstasies of Vintras. There were hearts of all kinds, emblems of all sorts, but three above all excited the curiosity of Éliphas to the highest point.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said he to Charvoz, "do you know these three signs?"

"No," answered the Abbé, frankly; "but the prophet assures us that they are of palmary importance, and that their secret significance is soon to be made known—that is, at the end of time."

"Well, monsieur," said the professor of magic, solemnly, "even before the end of time I will explain them to you; these three Kabbalistic signs are the devil's signature!"

"Impossible!" cried the old priest.

"It is true," replied Éliphas, with emphasis.

The signs were as follows:—1. The star of the microcosm, or the magic Pentagram, that star wherein the human figure was sketched by Agrippa, with the head in the ascending point and the four members in the four other points—the Burning Star which, when inverted, is the hieroglyphic sign of the goat of black magic whose head can

then be sketched in the star with the two horns above, the ears on the right and left, and the beard below, sign of antagonism and blind fatality, the goat of lewdness assaulting heaven with its horns, a sign execrated even in the Sabbath by initiates of a superior order. 2. The two Hermetic serpents, but the heads and tails, instead of converging in two parallel semicircles, diverged, and there was no intermediate line representing the caduceus. Above the serpents' heads was the ominous V, the typhonian fork, the character of hell. On the right and left were the sacred numbers III. and VII. relegated to the horizontal line which represents passive and secondary things. This, therefore, was the significance of the character :—Antagonism is eternal ; God is the strife of blind causes which perpetually create by destroying ; religious things are passive and passing, boldness makes use of them, war profits by them, and discord is perpetuated by both. 3. Lastly, the Kabbalistic monogram of Jehovah, the Jod and He, but reversed, which forms, according to the doctors of occult science, the most frightful of blasphemies, meaning, in whatever way it might be read :—'Fatality alone exists, God and spirit do not exist. Matter is the grand totality, spirit the dream of demented matter. The form is more than the idea, the woman more than the man, pleasure more than thought, vice more than virtue, the multitude greater than its chiefs, children above their fathers, and madness more than reason.'"

This is what was hieroglyphically written in characters of blood on the pseudo-miraculous hosts of Vintras ! We declare on our honour that all the facts above stated are such as we have described them, and that we ourselves have explained the characters according to true magical science and the true Kabbalistic keys.

The disciple of Vintras also imparted to us the description of the pontifical vestments given, said he, by Jesus Christ Himself to the pretended prophet in one of his ecstatic sleeps. Vintras caused the vestments to be made, and clothes himself in them to perform his miracles. Their colour is red ; he must wear on his forehead the cross in the form of a lingam, and must have a pastoral crook, surmounted by a hand of which all the fingers are shut save the thumb and index. Now, all this is diabolical in the highest degree, and is not this intuition of the symbols of

a lost science something truly marvellous, for it is transcendent magic which, basing the universe on the two pillars of Hermes and Solomon, has divided the metaphysical world into two intellectual zones, one white and luminous, comprising positive ideas, the other black and opaque, including those which are negative, and which has given to the synthetic notion of the first the name of God, and to the synthesis of the second the name of the devil, or Satan. The sign of the lingam borne on the forehead is, in India, the distinctive mark of the worshippers of Seeva, the destroyer; for this sign, being that of the Great Magic Arcanum, which is connected with the mystery of universal generation, to carry it on the forehead is to make a profession of doctrinal immodesty.* Now, say the Orientalists, on the day when modesty shall have ceased in the world, the world, abandoned to debauchery, which is barren, will soon come to an end for want of mothers. Modesty is the acceptance of maternity. The hand with three fingers closed expresses the negation of the triad and the assertion of purely material forces. A hand showing only the auricular is equivalent, in the sacred, symbolical language, to the exclusive affirmation of passion and *savoir-faire*. It is the scurrilous and materialistic version of the great words of St Augustine—"Love, and then do what you will." Now, compare this sign with M. Madrolle's doctrine:—"The most imperfect and apparently most culpable act of love is of greater value than the best of prayers." If it be asked, what is that force which independently of human will, and more or less of human knowledge (for Vintras is an illiterate and uneducated man), formulates its doctrines with signs buried in the ruins of the ancient world, unearths the mysteries of Thebes and Eleusis, and writes the most cultured of Indian reveries in the most secret Hermetic alphabet, we answer that these wonders are reproduced by magnetic intuition of the fluidic thought-pictures in the universal vital fluid.

* See Note 31.

III.—THE MAGICIAN AND THE SORCERER.—SECRET
HISTORY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF THE ARCH-
BISHOP OF PARIS.

An artisan called one day on Éliphas Lévi. He was a man of some fifty years old, of impressive appearance, straightforward and rational in speech. Questioned on the object of his visit, he answered, "You should know well enough; I come to beg and entreat of you to return me what I have lost."

It must be owned in sincerity that Éliphas Lévi knew nothing of his visitor, nor of the object he was in search of, so he answered: "You suppose me a greater sorcerer than I am; I know not who you are nor what you seek, so if you think I can serve you, you must explain and define your request."

"Well, since you refuse to understand me, you will at least recognise this," said the unknown, taking from his pocket a little black, well-thumbed book. It was the Grimoire of Honorius, which consists of an apocryphal constitution of Honorius II. for the evocation and control of spirits, plus some superstitious recipes. The work was the manual of wicked priests who practised black magic during the darkest periods of the Middle Ages. Sanguinary rites, mixed with profanations of the Mass and the consecrated elements, formulæ for bewitchment and witchcraft, finally, practices which idiocy alone could permit and knavery counsel, are to be found therein. For the rest, the work is complete of its kind, and, being consequently scarce at the booksellers, is run up by amateurs to a high price at public auctions.

"Dear monsieur," said the workman, sighing, "from the age of ten years I have not once neglected to perform my office. This book never leaves my person, and I conform rigorously to all the prescriptions it contains. Why, then, have those who came to me deserted me? Eli, Eli, Lamma"—

"Stop!" cried Éliphas. "Do not caricature the most formidable words which agony ever caused to be uttered in the world. Who are the beings that come to you by the virtue of this horrible book? Do you know them? Have you promised them anything? Have you signed any compact?"

"No," interrupted the owner of the Grimoire, "I do not know them, and have entered into no bond with them ; I know only that their leaders are good, the intermediaries alternately good and evil, the inferiors evil, but not blindly so, nor without the possibility of growing better. He whom I have evoked, and who has so often appeared to me, belongs to the most exalted hierarchy, for he is of comely appearance, well clad, and always gave me favourable answers. But I have lost the first page of my Grimoire, the most important, that which bears the autographic signature of the master spirit, and since then he has no longer appeared to me when I call him. I am a lost man, I am bereft like Job, I have no longer strength nor courage. Oh, master, I conjure you,—you who have only a word to say, but a sign to make, and the spirits will obey,—take pity on me, and recover for me what I have lost !"

"Lend me your Grimoire," said Éliphas. "What name do you give the spirit which appears to you ?"

"I call him Adonaï."

"And in what language was his signature ?"

"I do not know, but I suppose it was in Hebrew."

"Hold," said the professor of transcendental magic, tracing two Hebrew words at the beginning and end of the book, "here are two signatures that spirits of darkness will never counterfeit. Go in peace, sleep well, and evoke no more phantoms !"

The workman departed, and eight days after he returned to the scientist.

"You have restored hope and life to me," he said ; "my strength has partially returned ; by the signatures which you gave me, I can soothe those who are in pain and liberate the obsessed, but *him*, him I cannot see, and until I behold him I shall be sad unto death. Formerly, he was always near me ; sometimes he touched me in the night and woke me to tell me everything I wished to know. Master, I entreat you, grant that I shall see him again !"

"Whom ?"

"Adonaï."

"Do you know whom Adonaï is ?"

"No ; but I wish to behold him once more."

"Adonaï is invisible."

"I have seen him."

"He is without form."

"I have touched him."

"He is infinite."

"He is pretty much about my own height."

"The prophets tell us that the hem of his vestment sweeps away the stars of the morning."

"He has a very neat surcoat and the whitest linen."

"Holy Scripture, moreover, says that none can behold him without dying."

"He has a benevolent and jovial countenance."

"But how do you proceed to obtain these apparitions?"

"I perform all that is appointed in the great Grimoire."

"What! even the bloody sacrifice?"

"Certainly."

"Wretch! But what is the victim?"

At this question the artisan started slightly; he grew pale, and his look was disconcerted.

"Master, you know better than I do what it is," he said humbly, and in a low voice. "Oh, it cost me a hard struggle, above all the first time, to cut with one blow of the magic knife the throat of the innocent creature! One night I had just ended the mournful rites, I was seated within the circle on the inner threshold of my door, and the conflagration of the victim was being finished in a large fire of alder and cypress-wood. Suddenly, close at hand I again saw it, or rather felt it pass; a heartrending cry rang in my ears, and from that moment I seem to be hearing it always."

Éliphas rose and looked fixedly at his interlocutor. Was there a dangerous madman capable of renewing the atrocities of the Seigneur de Retz before him? The appearance of this person was, however, gentle and honest. No, it was not possible!

"But come now, this victim, say plainly what it is! You suppose that I know it already, and perhaps I do, but I have my reasons for wishing you to tell me."

"According to the magic ritual, it is a kid of a year old, virginal and unblemished."

"A real kid?"

"Certainly. Rest assured that it was neither a plaything nor a straw-stuffed dummy!"

Éliphas breathed freely.

"Come!" thought he, "this man is not a sorcerer worthy

of the stake. He knows not that when the abominable authors of the Grimoires speak of a virgin kid, they mean a young child." "Well," he continued, turning to his client, "give me the details of your visions; what you have related interests me in the highest degree."

The sorcerer, for he may well be called by this name, then recounted a series of strange facts, of which two families had been witnesses, and which were perfectly identical with those of the medium Home—hands issuing from walls, motions of furniture, phosphorescent apparitions, &c. One day, the rash novice in magic dared to call Astaroth, and beheld the apparition of a gigantic monster, with the body of a hog and the head taken from the skeleton of a colossal ox. All this was told with a truthful accent, with a certitude of having actually seen, which excluded any suspicion of the good faith and complete conviction of the narrator. Éliphas, as an æsthete in magic, was delighted at this lucky find. A true mediæval sorcerer, a sincere, undoubted sorcerer, in the nineteenth century! A sorcerer who had beheld Satan, under the name of Adonaï, dressed like a citizen; and Astaroth under his true, diabolical form! What an artistic object, what an archæological treasure!

"My friend," he said to his new pupil, "I am inclined to assist you in recovering what you have lost. Take my book, conform to the prescriptions in the Ritual, and come to see me again in eight days' time."

On the date appointed, a fresh conversation took place, and then the artisan declared that he was the inventor of a life-saving machine of great naval importance; one thing only was amiss in it, it would not work; there was an imperceptible defect in the movement. What this defect was the demon of perversity alone could reveal, and it was absolutely necessary to invoke him.

"Beware!" said Éliphas Lévi. "Try this Kabbalistic invocation instead for nine days," and he gave him a leaf in manuscript. "Begin this evening, and to-morrow let me know what you have seen, for to-night you will have a manifestation."

The next day our individual did not fail to appear.

"I was woke up suddenly, towards one in the morning," said he. "I saw a great light at the foot of my bed, and in this light a *phantom arm*, making passes in front of me as

if to magnetize me. Then I again fell asleep, and a little time after, being woke up a second time, I saw the same light, but it had changed its place. It had passed from left to right, and in its luminous depth I distinguished the semblance of a man, who was looking at me with folded arms."

"What was he like?"

"Much of your size and appearance."

"'Tis well! Go and continue doing what I prescribed."

Nine days elapsed and then came a new visit from the adept, who this time was all radiance and animation. The moment he saw Éliphas, "Thanks, master!" he cried, "the machine works—some unknown persons have provided me with the necessary funds for the completion of my enterprise. I have regained peace and sleep—all thanks to your power!"

"Say rather, thanks to your own faith and docility. And now, farewell, I must study. . . . What now? Why do you assume that supplicating air? What more do you want?"

"Oh! if you would only"—

"Well, what? Have you not had all and more than you wanted, and there has been no question of remuneration?"

"Yes, truly," said the other, sighing; "but I long to see him again."

"Incorrigible!" exclaimed Éliphas.

Some weeks after, the professor of transcendent magic was roused about two in the morning by a severe pain in the head. For several moments he anticipated congestion of the brain; but he rose, lit his lamp, opened the window, walked up and down in his study, then, soothed by the fresh morning air, returned to bed, where he slept profoundly. Subsequently, he had a nightmare; he saw with terrific realism the ox-headed giant of the artisan-mechanist. This monster pursued and attacked him. When he awoke it was broad daylight, and some one was knocking at the door. Éliphas rose, threw a garment round him, and opened it. There was the workman!

"Master," said the latter, entering hastily, and with an alarmed aspect, "how are you?"

"Excellently well," answered Éliphas.

"But were you in no danger to-night about two o'clock?"

Éliphas was not under cross-examination, and no longer remembered his indisposition.

"In danger?" he repeated. "In none that I know of."

"Were you not attacked by a monstrous phantom, which tried to strangle you? Did you experience nothing?"

Éliphas recollected.

"Yes," said he, "I had truly an incipient apoplexy and a horrible dream. But how did you know of it?"

"At the same hour an invisible hand struck me roughly on the shoulder and woke me with a start. I then dreamed that I saw you in the clutches of Astaroth. I sat up in bed, and a voice cried in my ear, 'Get up and hasten to your master's help, he is in danger!' I rose hurriedly, but where should I run to first? What danger menaced you? The voice had told me nothing on these points. I determined, therefore, to wait till sunrise, and as soon as it was daylight I hastened to you, and here I am."

"Thank you, my friend," said the Magus, offering his hand. "Astaroth is a vicious jester, but I had merely a slight determination of blood to the head, and now I am perfectly well. You may be quite reassured and go back to your work."

Strange as the facts may be which have just been narrated, a still more extraordinary, and this time tragical, drama remains to be revealed. It is connected with the sanguinary event which, at the beginning of this year, plunged Paris and all Christendom in sorrow and stupefaction, an occurrence which no one suspected had black-magic mixed up with it.

During the winter, at the beginning of last year, a bookseller informed the author of the *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie* that an ecclesiastic had been inquiring for his address, and manifested a strong desire to see him. Éliphas Lévi did not feel himself inspired with such immediate confidence towards this stranger as to expose himself without precautions to his visits; he named a friend's house where he would be present with his faithful pupil Desbarrolles. On the appointed day he repaired to Madame A——'s, and found the ecclesiastic, who had already been awaiting him several minutes. He was a young, somewhat emaciated man, with a prominent pointed nose and dull blue eyes. His bony and projecting forehead had a breadth disproportioned to its height; his head was elongated behind, his smooth and short hair, parted at the side,

was of grizzly flaxen, approaching light chestnut, but with a queer disagreeable tint about it. His mouth was sensual and combative ; his manner, however, was affable, his voice gentle, and his utterance occasionally a little embarrassed. Questioned by Éliphas Lévi on the object of his visit, he answered that he was in search of the Grimoire of Honorius, and he desired information from the professor of occult science on the best way to procure the little book, now scarcely to be met with.

"I would give fully a hundred francs for a copy of this Grimoire," said he.

"The work in itself is worthless," answered Éliphas. "It is a pseudo-constitution of Honorius II. that you may have seen quoted by some learned collector of apocryphal constitutions."

"Not exactly, but I wish to fulfil a fancy ; I have something to perform."

"I trust that something is not an evocation of black magic ; you know, as I do, Monsieur l'Abbé, that the Church has always condemned, and still condemns severely, everything connected with those forbidden practices."

A slight smile, mingled with a kind of sarcastic irony, was the sole response of the abbé, and the conversation fell. The chiromancist Desbarrolles was, however, examining the priest's hand attentively ; the latter perceived it, a natural explanation ensued, and the abbé cheerfully offered his hand to the experimentalist. Desbarrolles knitted his brows and seemed embarrassed. The hand was damp and cold, the fingers smooth and spatulated ; the mountain of Venus, or that part of the palm which is connected with the thumb, was of unusual development, the line of life was short and broken ; there were crosses in the centre of the hand and stars on the mountain of the moon.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said Desbarrolles, "if you have not received solid religious instruction, you may easily become a dangerous sectarian, for you are drawn on the one hand towards the most exalted mysticism, and on the other to the most concentrated obstinacy and incommunicativeness in the world. You investigate much but imagine more, and as you confide your fancies to no one, they may well attain proportions which will make them your real enemies. Your habits are contemplative and a little indolent, but it is an indolence whose arousing is perhaps to be dreaded.

You are impelled towards a passion which your calling . . . but, your pardon, Monsieur l'Abbé, I think I have passed the limits of discretion."

"Say all, Monsieur, I can hear, and wish to know, everything."

"Well, if, as I do not doubt, you turn to the profit of charity all the restless activity which is caused you by the desires of the heart, you must be blessed very often for your good works."

The abbé gave once more that doubtful and ominous smile, which lent his pale face such a singular expression. He rose and took leave, without telling his name, and without it occurring to any one to ask it. Éliphas and Desbarrolles conducted him to the staircase out of respect for his priestly dignity. Near the head of the stairs he turned and said slowly, "Before long you will hear of something. . . . You will hear me spoken of," he added, emphasizing each word. Then he bowed, waved his hand, and, turning without another word, descended the staircase. The two friends returned to Madame A——.

"There goes a most extraordinary person," said Éliphas. "What he uttered at parting seemed very like a menace."

"You intimidated him," said Madame A——. "Before you arrived he was beginning to speak out plainly, but you talked of conscience and the commandments of the Church, till he no longer dared to confess what he wanted."

"Pshaw! What did he want then?"

"To see the devil."

"Did he think I carried him in my pocket?"

"No, but he is aware you give lessons in the Kabbalah and magic, and hoped you would help him in his enterprises. He informed my daughter and myself, that, in his country presbytery, he had already performed an evocation one evening by the help of a common Grimoire. He told us that a sudden gust of wind seemed to shake the building, the rafters groaned, timbers creaked, doors trembled, windows were flung open with great noise, and hissing sounds were heard in every corner of the house. He awaited the formidable vision, but saw nothing, no monster presented itself; in a word, the devil refused to appear, and this is the reason that he is in search of the Grimoire of Honorius, where he hopes to find more powerful conjurations and efficacious rites."

"But this man must be a monster or a madman."

"He may be madly in love," said Desbarrolles. "He is tormented by some passion, and absolutely looks for nothing less than that the devil should take interest in it."

"But then how shall we hear him talked about?"

"Who knows? Perhaps, he has planned the abduction of the Queen of England or the Sultana?"

Here the conversation ended, and an entire year elapsed without any intelligence concerning the strange young priest. On the night between the first and second of January 1857, Éliphas Lévi was awakened with a start of agitation consequent on a bizarre and ominous dream. He seemed to be in a dilapidated Gothic room, very like the deserted chapel of an old castle. A door concealed by black drapery opened out of this chamber; behind the drapery the ruddy light of candles could be just caught sight of, and it appeared to Éliphas that, prompted by a curiosity which was full of terror, he approached the black drapery, which parted thereupon, and an outstretched hand seized his arm. He beheld no one, but heard a low voice saying in his ear:—"Come and see thy father, who is about to die!"

The Magus woke with palpitating heart and brow bathed in perspiration. "What does this dream signify?" thought he. "My father is long since dead—why tell me that he is about to die?" The following night the same dream came to him, with the same circumstances, and Éliphas Lévi again woke up, hearing those words in his ear:—"Come and see thy father, who is about to die!"

This repetition of the nightmare painfully impressed Éliphas. He had accepted an invitation to dine, on the third of January, in some cheerful society, but he now wrote to excuse himself, finding that he was ill-disposed for the gaiety of an artist's banquet. He remained therefore in his study; the weather was cloudy; at noon he received a visit from one of his pupils in magic, M. le Vicomte de M—. The rain was then falling in such torrents that Éliphas offered the Vicomte his umbrella, which the latter would not accept. A courteous little dispute followed, which ended by Éliphas walking back with his pupil. Out of doors the rain stopped, the Vicomte found a coach, and Éliphas, instead of returning home, crossed the Luxembourg mechanically, issued by the gate which opens

on the Rue d' Enfer, and found himself in front of the Panthéon. A double line of barriers improvised for the novena of St Geneviève, showed pilgrims the way to St Etienne-du-Mont. Éliphas, whose heart was saddened and, therefore, disposed to prayer, followed this path and entered the Church. It might then have been four in the afternoon. The church was filled with the faithful, and the daily office was performed with great recollection and unusual solemnity. The banners belonging to the churches of the city and the suburbs bore witness to the public devotion towards the virgin who had saved Paris from famine and invasion. At the bottom of the church the tomb of St Geneviève was ablaze with lights. Litanies were chanted, and the procession issued from the choir.

After the cross-bearer, accompanied by his acolytes and followed by the choir-boys, came the banner of St Geneviève, and the Genevevan nuns in double file, clothed in black, with white veils on their heads, blue ribbons with the medal of the legend round their necks, and a taper in their hand, surmounted by a little Gothic lantern, as tradition gives to the images of that saint. After the nuns of St Geneviève came the clergy, and finally the venerable Archbishop of Paris in a white mitre, and wearing a cope which on either side was held back by his two vicars-general. The prelate, leaning on his pastoral staff, proceeded slowly, and blessed to the right and left the crowd, which knelt down as he passed. Éliphas saw the Archbishop for the first time, and remarked that his features expressed goodness and mildness, but a look of great fatigue, and even a painfully concealed nervous suffering, were noticable. The procession passed to the end of the church, traversing the nave; it returned by the aisle to the left of the porch, and made a pause at the tomb of St Geneviève, then it went back by the right aisle, continuing the chant of the Litany. A crowd of the faithful followed the procession, walking immediately behind the Archbishop. Quite pensive and affected by the pious solemnity, Éliphas mingled with this group, so as to pass more easily through the mass, which was closing up, and to regain the door of the church. The head of the procession had already returned into the choir, the Archbishop had reached the nave railing, where the passage was too narrow for three persons to walk abreast; the Archbishop was, therefore, in front and his two vicars-general were behind him, still holding the corners of

his cope, which was thus open and drawn back, so that the prelate exhibited his breast protected only by the cross-ornamented embroideries of his stole.

It was then that those who were behind the Archbishop saw him stagger, and an out-call was heard, made in a loud voice, but without noisy clamour. What was uttered? It seemed to be—"Down with the goddesses!" but this was considered a mistake, so much did the words seem misplaced and senseless. The exclamation was nevertheless repeated two or three times, and some one cried, "Save the Archbishop!" while others vociferated, "To arms!" The crowd thereupon receded, overturning chairs and barriers and hurrying towards the door. There were shrieks from children, the clamours of women, and Éliphas, borne away by the crowd, was in a way carried out of the church, but the last glance he was able to cast therein fell on an awful and ineffaceable tableaux.

In the middle of a circle, increased by the terror of all who surrounded him, the prelate was standing alone, still supported by his crozier and sustained by the stiffness of the cope which his vicars-general had dropped, and which now hung down to the ground. The archbishop's head was slightly turned, his eyes, and disengaged hand, were raised towards Heaven; there was all the epic of the martyr in his mien; it was a submission and a holocaust, a prayer for his people and pardon to his murderer. The day was waning and the church had begun to darken; the archbishop, with his uplifted arms, illuminated by a last sun-beam which stole across the nave, stood out in relief against a black background, wherein could be dimly distinguished a pedestal without a statue, on which was inscribed these two words of the Passion of Christ, *Ecce homo*, and further still into the gloom an apocalyptic painting, representing the four last plagues about to be let loose on the world, and the whirlwinds of the abyss following the dusty train of the wan horse of death.

In front of the Archbishop an upraised arm, sketched in shadow like an infernal silhouette, was clutching and brandishing a knife, while, through all the uproar at the bottom of the church, the chant in the choir continued, as the harmony of the heavenly spheres is prolonged for ever regardless of our revolutions and anguish.

Éliphas Lévi had been borne outside by the crowd, and

had issued by the right door. At almost the same moment, the left opened violently, and an infuriated crowd poured out of the church, seething round a single man, who was held by fifty hands, and whom a hundred more strove to buffet. This individual, later on, complained of maltreatment at the hands of the police, but as soon as they could distinguish him in the tumult, they protected him against the rage of the mob.

Women followed him, crying "Kill him!"

"But what has he done?" was asked by other voices.

"The wretch! He has stabbed the Archbishop," answered the women. Other people, however, coming out of the church, contradictory statements multiplied.

"The Archbishop has been terrified and is ill," said some.

"He is dead," others declared.

"Did you see the knife?" asked a new speaker. "It is as large as a sword, and the blood streamed from the blade."

"Our poor monseigneur has lost one of his shoes!" ejaculated an old woman, clasping her hands.

"It is nothing, nothing at all," said a pew-opener thereupon. "You may go back into the church—monseigneur is not wounded, they are about to enthrone him."

At this the crowd made a motion to re-enter the church.

"Keep back! keep back!" uttered the solemn and mournful voice of a priest at this very moment. "The service cannot continue, the church is being closed, it has been profaned!"

"How is the Archbishop?" asked a man.

"Monsieur," answered the priest, "the Archbishop is dying, and perhaps even while I am speaking he may be dead."

The crowd dispersed in consternation to spread this disastrous news through all Paris. A bizarre circumstance took place in the case of Éliphas, and caused a certain distraction from his profound sorrow at what had taken place. In the midst of the tumult, an elderly lady of exceedingly respectable appearance took hold of his arm and claimed his protection. It was his duty to respond to this appeal, and when they were out of the crowd, she said: "How fortunate I am to have met with a man who laments this great crime, which so many wretches rejoice over at this moment!"

"What say you, Madam? How can any creature exist who is depraved enough to exult over such a calamity?"

"Silence!" the old lady enjoined, "perchance we are overheard. Yes," she continued, lowering her voice, "there are some who are delighted at this event; there was a sinister-looking man saying to the crowd, when interrogated as to what had taken place: 'Oh! it is nothing. A spider has fallen.'"

"No, Madam; you misunderstood. The crowd would never have endured such an abominable remark, the man would have been immediately arrested."

"Would to God that every one thought like you!" said the lady; then she added, "I commend myself to the charity of your prayers, for I see plainly that you are a godly man."

"That is not perhaps the verdict of the world at large," answered Éliphas.

"And what does the world signify to us?" asked the lady with animation. "It is lying, calumnious, impious! Perhaps it speaks ill of you, and I am not surprised; if you knew what it said of me, you would understand very well why I despise its opinion."

"Does the world speak evil of you, Madam?"

"The worst evil that can possibly be conceived."

"What is that?"

"It accuses me of sacrilege."

"You alarm me! And of what sacrilege, if you please?"

"Of a guilty farce which I am supposed to have played to deceive two children on Mount Salette."

"What! are you——?"

"I am Mademoiselle de la Merlière."

"I have heard your law-suit spoken of, Mademoiselle, and the scandal which it occasioned, but it seems to me that your age and respectability should have set you above the reach of such an accusation."

"Come and see me, Monsieur, and I will introduce you to my solicitor, M. Favre, a man of talent whom I am seeking to turn to God."

Thus conversing, the two speakers reached the Rue du Vieux-Colombier. The lady thanked her temporary escort, and renewed the invitation to visit her.

"I will endeavour to do so," said Éliphas, "and if I

come I shall ask at the door for Mademoiselle de la Merlière."

"Be sure that you don't, I am not known by that name—ask for Madam Dutruck."

"Dutruck, so be it, Madam! I humbly present you my respects," and they separated.

The trial of the assassin began, and Éliphas, reading in the newspapers that the accused was a priest, that he was of the society of St Germain l'Auxerroie, that he had been a country curé and that he seemed excited to the pitch of insanity, recollected the pallid priest who, a year before, had been in search of the Grimoire of Honorius. But the description of the criminal given in the public prints contradicted the suspicion of the magical professor, for most of them gave him black hair. "It is not he, then," thought Éliphas, "but there still rings in my ear, notwithstanding, the speech which this atrocious crime would now explain, 'You will not fail to learn something before long, and to hear me spoken of.'"

The trial took place with all the frightful circumstances universally known, and the accused was condemned to death. The next morning Éliphas read in a legal print the description of this scene unheard of in the annals of justice, and a mist passed over his eyes when he saw in the description of the criminal, "He is fair."

"It must be he," said the professor of magic.

A few days afterwards some one present at the trial, and who had contrived to sketch the profile of the accused, shewed it to Éliphas.

"Let me copy this design," said the latter, quite palpitating with terror.

He did so, and took it to his friend, Desbarrolles, asking, without previous explanation, "Do you know this face?"

"Yes," answered Desbarrolles, with animation, "it is that of the mysterious priest whom we saw at Madam A——'s, and who wished to perform magical evocations."

"Well, my friend, you confirm me in my sad conviction, That man whom we saw we shall never more see; the hand you examined has been imbrued in blood. We have indeed heard him talked of as he asserted, for do you know the name of this pale priest?"

"Oh, my God!" cried Desbarrolles, changing colour, "I fear that I do."

"It is true—he is the miserable Louis Verger."

Some weeks after, Éliphas Lévi was chatting with a bookseller whose speciality was old works on the occult sciences. The subject was the *Grimoire* of Honorius.

"It is seldom to be met with now," said the bookseller; "the last copy in my possession I disposed of to a young priest who offered me a hundred francs for it."

"A young priest! Can you recall his appearance?"

"Perfectly! But you must know it yourself, for he told me he had seen you, and indeed it was I who referred him to you."

Thus beyond doubt, the unhappy priest had obtained the fatal *Grimoire*, and had prepared himself for murder by a succession of sacrileges. The wretched man felt certain he would not die; he believed that the emperor would be forced to pardon him; some honourable exile awaited him; his crime had brought him immense notoriety; his musings would be worth their weight in gold at the booksellers; he would become fabulously rich, would attract the notice of some great lady, and would marry beyond the seas. By similar promises the phantom demon formerly prompted and drove on Gilles de Laval, lord of Retz, from crime to crime. A man capable of evoking the devil, according to the rites of the *Grimoire* of Honorius, is so far on the road to evil that he is inclined to all kinds of hallucinations and falsehoods; but the aberrations of perversity do not constitute madness, as the execution of this criminal proved. The desperate resistance he offered to his executioners is well known. "It is a deception," he cried; "I cannot die thus. An hour only—one hour—to write to the emperor; he would save me!"

Who, then, had deceived him? Who had promised him life? Who had assured him beforehand of an impossible clemency, for his reprieve would have outraged the public conscience? Ask all this of the *Grimoire* of Honorius!

Two things in this tragical history correspond with the phenomena of Home,—the stormy sound heard by the wicked priest during his first evocation, and the perturbation which prevented him speaking his mind in the presence of Éliphas Lévi. There may also be noticed the apparition of a sinister man rejoicing in the public sorrow, and

making a truly diabolical speech in the middle of the dismayed crowd—an apparition seen only by the ecstatic of La Salette, the too notorious Mademoiselle de la Merlière, who has the aspect, notwithstanding, of a good and respectable person, though one strongly impressionable, and perhaps liable to talk and act unconsciously under the influence of a kind of ascetic somnambulism.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, The Sphinx (page 14).—This “eternal enigma” is elsewhere said to be the synthesis of ancient wisdom, as the Cross is the key of future wisdom. It is the law of mystery which guards the door of initiation to keep off the profane. It represents the Great Magic Mystery, whose elements are wholly expressed by the septenary, which, however, does not give the final word. Every man who thinks is an Œdipus called on to divine the enigma of the sphinx, or perish. The harmony of reason and faith, of science and religion, of liberty and authority, has become in modern times the true problem of the sphinx. Faith succeeding the daring dreams of antique initiation has been, in humanity, the voluntary blindness of the Theban king. The modern Œdipus has rebelled against the expiation of a crime which he has ceased to understand; he has sought to reopen his eyes, and the monstrous phantom of the sphinx has reappeared more menacing and terrible than ever. The empire of humanity is offered once more to him who can divine the enigma; we must reply to the human head and do battle with the lion's claws; intelligence henceforth is inseparable from power.

It will be seen that this interpretation is purely moral, and as such casts some light on the passage in the text. Eliphas Lévi's mystical version of the question propounded by the sphinx—how is the tetrad changed into the duad and explained by the triad?—has also some light cast on it by the statement that the material elements analogous to the divine elements are conceived as four, explained as two, and exist finally as three.

NOTE 2, Azoth (page 15).—Eliphas Lévi has censured the Indian hierophants for confusing the blind and dead light of the universal agent with the living and intellectual light of the creative, originating cause, and he has censured the Neo-Platonic initiates for confusing it with the body of the *protoplastes*. His own terminology, however, is likely to cause some embarrassment, at any rate to those unaccustomed to the tortuousness of mystical reasoning. Surely, if the God of the sages, “the efficient and final principle of the *magnum opus*,” be denominated Azoth, this name should not be applied to the “universal seducer,” the “monster to be overcome,” that is, the Astral Light!

NOTE 3 (page 19).—The secret of the *Regnum Dei* or Kingdom of Jesus Christ is elsewhere said to be the discovery of the stable centre between the unopposed and unlimited power of sacerdotal autocracy on the one hand, and republican tyranny emancipated from all duties imposed and consecrated by the hierarchy on the other. This stable centre is declared to have been discovered by the Christian hierophants “who aspired to create a society dedicated to self-sacrifice by solemn vows, protected by rigorous rules, recruited by initiation, and which, itself the sole custodian of great religious and social secrets, would constitute kings and pontiffs without being exposed to the corruptions of power.”

NOTE 4 (page 30).—The four sacred names are—JHVH, that is, Jehovah; ADNI, that is, Adonai; AHIH, pronounced Eieie; and AGLA.

NOTE 5 (page 41).—Eliphas Lévi's whole theory on this subject originates in a sarcasm of Voltaire: “*Si Dieu a fait l'homme à son image, l'homme le lui a bien rendu.*”

NOTE 6 (page 63).—The received translation is—“The devil is the father of lies.”

NOTE 7 (page 67).—But also two seek each other that they may become one. And the Nuctereron, according to the Hebrews, says that when Adam and Eve entered the nuptial couch they were two, but when they rose they were four.

NOTE 8 (page 76).—It should be noticed that while the Great Magic Agent is called the world's eye, imagination is characterised as the *eye of the soul*. Now the faculty of intuition is very closely connected, and in one sense identical with imagination, so that the Astral Light may be called the *intuition of Nature*.

NOTE 9 (page 83).—“Apollonius Tyaneus wholly enveloped himself in a mantle of fine wool, on which he set his feet, and which he drew over his head; then he bent his spinal column into a semicircle, and closed his eyes after performing certain rites, such as magnetic passes and sacramental words, whose object was to concentrate the imagination and determine the action of the will. The woollen mantle is of great use in magic, and is the usual vehicle of sorcerers when proceeding to the Sabbath, which proves that the sorcerers did not really go to the Sabbath but that the Sabbath came to the sorcerers when isolated in their mantle, and brought to their Translucid images analogous to their magical preoccupations, mixed with reflections of all similar acts accomplished previously in the world.”

NOTE 10 (page 89).—"All true initiates have recognised the immense utility of labour and suffering. Suffering, says a German poet, is the dog of that invisible shepherd who leads the flock of humanity. To learn how to suffer, to learn how to die, is the gymnastics of eternity, the noviciate of immortality. This is the moral of Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' sketched so early as the time of Plato in the allegorical picture of Cebes. This picture, whose description has come down to us, is at once a magical and philosophical monument. It is an extremely perfect moral synthesis, and at the same time the most audacious demonstration of the Great Arcanum, of that secret whose revelation would revolutionise heaven and earth. This secret is the royalty of the sage, the crown of the adept who in the beautiful allegory of Cebes is represented descending victorious from the summit of trials."—*Histoire de la Magie*, p. 147.

NOTE 11 (page 90).—The instrument of philosophical and moral alchemy which Eliphas Lévi here refers to is that faculty of the risen and emancipated mind—

"By which from evil things,
And things held worthless is the soul enrich'd."

—*A Soul's Comedy*.

The light proceeding from the Translucid and investing the world, "the light that never was on land or sea," that light in which the "fairy-gifted poet beholds THE SAME THING EVERYWHERE," is the true alchemy which transmutes into gold "not only all metals, but also earth itself, and even the refuse of the earth." The province of supreme and divine magic is to perpetuate the transmutation of the poet.

NOTE 12 (page 97).—"There is not a people, and I may say there is not a man in possession of his true self, for whom the temporal universe is not a great allegory or fable which must give place to a GRAND MORALITY."—Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, *the philosophe inconnu*, in his *Tableau Naturel des Rapports qui existe entre Dieu l'Homme et l'Univers*."

NOTE 13 (page 105).—In utter contradiction to this express statement, and the occult tradition which it may be supposed to represent, Eliphas Lévi insists elsewhere that created spirits must be clothed with bodies, the limitation consequent on which alone making their existence possible. Otherwise, he says, the spirit would be everywhere, but everywhere in so imperceptible a degree that it would act nowhere. Even if it be correct that the Indian hierophants confuse the divine pneuma with the Astral Light, the blunder is not so ridiculous as this virtual identifica-

tion of the intellectual and immortal essence with a tenuous vapour indefinitely diffused whenever the enclosing capsule is destroyed.

NOTE 14 (page 106).—How can this statement be harmonised with that in the chapter on the Kabbalah which says that the elect are invariably in a minority, because “the conditions of initiation can only be fulfilled by a small proportion of a vast multitude renewed from age to age, and which will continue *till the election and salvation of all?*” This passage is intelligible only on the supposition of successive reincarnations of the same soul in different generations of humanity, in some one of which it will receive the crown of the adept.

NOTE 15 (page 113).—The Generation of Spirits of the Air. “Lemures gignuntur per deperditiones æstaticas spermatis et sanguinis menstrualis. Sunt ephemeri et maximi mortales. Constant aere coagulato in vapore sanguinis vel spermatis, et quasi bullâ, quæ si ferro frangatur perit anima imperfecta lemorum. Quærunt simplices et credulos, fugiunt autem et doctos et ineptos insolentes ebriosos, &c. Timidi sunt et fugitivi sicut aves coeli et semper mori reformidant, quia bulla æris est vita eorum et statu facile corrumpitur.”—PARACELSUS.

NOTE 16 (page 120).—It has just been remarked that these unemancipated spirits, these slaves of the elements, these beings devoid of free will, can only be incarnated as animals, and now we are told that they can be incarnated as vicious and imperfect men. Imperfection is common to the whole of humanity, even on the pinnacles of adeptship, and vice may degrade man below the level of the beast, but it cannot make him merely an animal.

NOTE 17 (page 144).—It is almost unnecessary to say that this pseudo-constitution is not the work of the pope to whom it is attributed. It is a production of the twelfth century; Leo III. was elected in 792. Those who believe it to be genuine, if there be any at the present day, would be rendering good service to occultism by tracing its history during the period which succeeded the pontificate of its pretended author. See on this question the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Occultes*, in Migne's *Première Encyclopédie Théologique*, article Léon III.

NOTE 18 (page 150).—Elsewhere the author tells us that the figures of the seven planets with their squares are found in the *Petit Albert*, but that these allegorical and mythological symbols have become too classical and commonplace to be successfully

traced on talismans in these days, and that we must have recourse to more expressive and recondite *signs*. But the signs which he himself provides in addition to those in the text are certainly anything but vulgarised. The Kabbalistic signs of the seven spirits are—a lion-headed serpent for the Sun, a globe crossed by two crescents for the Moon, a dragon gnawing the hilt of a sword for Mars, a lingam for Venus, a hermetic caduceus and cynocephalous for Mercury, the burning pentagram in the claws or beak of an eagle for Jupiter, an old cripple or a serpent twined about the heliacal stone for Saturn. All these signs are found on archaic gems, and particularly on the Gnostic talismans known by the name of Abraxas. In the collection of talismans of Paracelsus, Jupiter is replaced by a priest in sacerdotal garb, a substitution which is not wanting in a well-defined mystical significance."

NOTE 19 (page 163).—In an interesting notice of this *Grimoire* found in his "History of Magic," Eliphas Lévi, with much appearance of plausibility, fixes its authorship on Cadulus, bishop of Parma, that is, the anti-pope set up by the emperor Henry IV., and a man who by his intrigues, debauchery, and simony, may be supposed to have been capable of every enormity. The argument, however ingenious, is of course entirely conjectural, and no proof is offered that the personage in question had any connection with the sorcery and diabolism of his century. What is certain in any case is this, that the saintly and eminent pontiff whose name it bears, neither was, nor could have been its author. By a typographical error, or an error in transcription, this *Grimoire* is occasionally attributed to Honorius III.

NOTE 20 (page 169).—But this moral disorder must not be necessarily attributed to the individual who pays its physical penalty; otherwise, what of hereditary diseases?

NOTE 21 (page 180).—And yet we have been told that the Astral Light is projected by the thumbs and palms of the hands, in which case magnetic passes are certainly more than signs; the will of the operator projects the vital fluid by means of them; but the eternal right of self-contradiction, formally claimed by Charles Baudelaire as an imprescriptible part of liberty, has ever been included among the rights of the Frenchman.

NOTE 22 (page 192).—We are distinctly and authoritatively told in the chapter devoted to Spiritual Transition that the divine and immortal spirit of a man who has lived viciously is held

captive after death by its astral body, that in this envelope it torments dreaming girls, and haunts the places where the pleasures of its human life elapsed, in which case, in blank and utter contradiction to the statement made in the text, it is evident that souls can and do exist in the terrestrial atmosphere after they have departed this life, and that as vicious men are unhappily very numerous the air must be swarming with imprisoned spirits. Without being in any way committed to the spiritualistic hypothesis, which Eliphas Lévi was bent on disproving, and, it may be added, of vilifying, one is bound to confess that the animus thus gratified in the face of consistency and reason, is a triumph for the doctrine against which it is directed.

NOTE 23 (page 201).—This is apparently the *verbum inenarrabile* of the Alexandrian School, called Ararita by the Kabbalists, "All is enclosed in one word, and in a word of four letters—it is the Tetragram of the Hebrews, the Azoth of the Alchemists, the Thot of the Bohemians, and the Kabbalistic Tarot. This word expressed in such various ways signifies God for the profane, man for the philosophers, and gives to the adept the final word of human science and the key of divine power; but he alone can avail himself of it who understands the necessity of never revealing it." (*Dogme de la Haute Magie*, p. 90.) This is undoubtedly that word referred to in the chapter on Divination, the occult name of the Great Arcanum, "of which the sacred Tetragram itself is only the equivalent and image." Those who are mystified by the childish puzzle in which it is there supposed to be enclosed will be gratified to learn that according to the *Histoire de la Magie* the *mot unique* hidden in every sanctuary is Agla. See chapter on "The Kabbalah," page 290 of this digest.

NOTE 24 (page 202).—That is, how can gold be produced from salt, sulphur, and mercury of the common and material kind? But the gold of the philosophers can be, and is, produced from the salt, sulphur, and mercury of the philosophers. The so-called metallic transmutation, not being accomplished by the manipulation of ordinary metals and minerals, is not really the transmutation of metals, but the application of the adapting powers of the divine and immortal spirit to the dead exterior substances of the material world.

NOTE 25 (page 204).—The following mystification was appended as an "important note" on this subject in the second edition of the *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*. For the mineral work, the first matter is mineral exclusively, but it is not a metal; it is

a metallic salt. This matter is called vegetative, because it resembles a fruit, and animal, because it produces a species of milk and blood. It contains the fire used to dissolve it.

NOTE 26 (page 216).—And it is absolutely true that if a man be bidden to look for anything by another whose will dominates but perturbs his own, and whom he fears to displease, his anxiety to find it will sometimes so confuse him that he will not see the object, though it may be under his very eyes.

NOTE 27 (page 218).—This reasoning is ingenious but purely Machiavelian, and the legend itself represents the deliberate performance of a miracle to cover and, what is worse, to verify a falsehood. It should also be noticed that the falsehood was of the most inexcusable kind, being told not to conceal a good deed from those who would interfere to prevent it, but that the merit of the deed might be increased by its secrecy. It is a curious instance of human subtlety turning to evil even such a beautiful counsel as that which exhorts us not to let the right hand know the charitable actions of the left. And now, if we turn to Eliphas Lévi's *Histoire de la Magie*, we find him condemning, in Indian philosophy, the very principle which he has upheld—namely, that the wise man cannot lie. In the *Oupnek'hat*, a book of Indian occultism, the following passage occurs:—"God is truth, and in Him light and shadow are one only. Whoever knows this can never lie, for even when he tries to do so his falsehood becomes a truth." Again, the same work tells us that "it is permitted to lie in order to facilitate marriages, to exalt the virtues of a Brahman or the qualities of a cow." This is immoral, doubtless, but it does not surpass the spiritual wickedness of the Christian legend which, by representing a divine miracle covering a falsehood, practically teaches that it is allowable to lie in order to exalt the merits of a good work.

NOTE 28 (page 219).—There is no attempt to explain the suffering—the actual physical maltreatment—of the victims of were-wolves on this theory.

NOTE 29 (page 288).—It is not to Pascal but to the mystical theology of the Seraphic Doctor, S. Bonaventura, that we owe this idea. In the sixth chapter of the *Itinerarium Mentis ad Deum* (a work which should be in the hands of every student of mysticism), he says:—"Russus revertentes dicamus, quia igitur esse purissimum et absolutum, quod est simpliciter esse, est primarium et novissimum, ideo est omnium origo et finis consummans.

Quia æternum et præsentissimum, ideo omnes durationes ambit et intrat, quasi simul existens earum centrum et circumferentia. Quia simplicissimum et maximum, ideo totum intra omnia, et totum extra omnia, ac per hoc est *sphæra intelligibilis, cujus centrum est ubique et circumferentia nusquam.*"

NOTE 30 (page 299).—In the chapter on Divination we were told that most religious revelations have been given in dreams, and that the patriarchs looked on dreams as "certain revelations." Are the *masters* in modern Israel, of whom Eliphas Lévi has made himself the uncommissioned and unaccredited spokesman, "greater than our father Abraham," and wiser than Joseph the diviner?

NOTE 31 (page 325).—And yet in the *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, there is an engraving of ADDHANARI, the great Indian Pantacle, which is distinctly said to represent Religion and Truth, and to be analogous to the ADO-NAÏ of Ezekiel, but which bears upon its very forehead that *lingam* which is here declared to be a confession of doctrinal shamelessness. The contradiction is as complete as words can make it, and its object is obviously to discredit all magical marvels occurring outside the hierarchy of initiation or the authority of the Latin orthodoxy.

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INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Astrology Theologised</i>	32	<i>Low Down</i>	27
<i>Anatomy of Tobacco</i>	17	<i>Literature of Occultism and Archaeology</i> ...	29
<i>Antiquarian Study</i>	24	<i>Leicester</i>	32
<i>Astrologer's Guide</i>	26	<i>Marchant, W. T.</i>	9
<i>Archæology and Occultism</i>	29	<i>Martinsengo-Cesaresco, Countess</i> ...	23
<i>Adams, F. W. L.</i>	32	<i>Mathers, S. L. M.</i>	27
<i>Adams, Mrs. Davenport</i>	34	<i>Maitland, E.</i>	15
<i>Arundale, Miss</i>	36	<i>Machen, A.</i>	10
<i>Baughan, Rosa</i>	8, 14, 17	<i>Magic</i>	10
<i>Blavatsky, H. P.</i>	16, 21, 26	<i>Mountain-climbing Below the Snow-Line</i> ...	10
<i>Burma</i>	22	<i>Mysteries of Magic</i>	30
<i>Betty, John</i>	24	<i>Navy</i>	36
<i>Bonatus</i>	26	<i>Nesfield, H. W.</i>	31
<i>Browne, Hablot K.</i>	30	<i>Northamptonshire Notes and Queries</i> ...	30
<i>Betts, B. W.</i>	31	<i>Occult World Phenomena</i>	16
<i>Beauty and the Beast</i>	34	<i>Olcott, H. S.</i>	28
<i>Chiromancy</i>	17	<i>Occultism and Archaeology</i>	29
<i>Como de' Medici</i>	11	<i>"Phie"</i>	30
<i>Curate's Wife (The)</i>	14	<i>Physiognomy</i>	8
<i>Colman's Plays</i>	19	<i>Primitive Symbolism</i>	12
<i>Confessions of an English Hackish Eater</i> ...	20	<i>Palms</i>	14
<i>Cruikshank, George</i>	25	<i>Panton, J. E.</i>	14
<i>Church, W. E.</i>	25	<i>Paracelsus</i>	16
<i>Cardan</i>	26	<i>Pope Joan</i>	35
<i>Cook, Miss Louisa S.</i>	31	<i>Praise of Ale</i>	9
<i>Collette, C. H.</i>	35	<i>Poe</i>	11, 21
<i>Chatterji, Mohini M.</i>	36	<i>Paterson, M.</i>	10
<i>Dickens</i>	5	<i>Path (The)</i>	33
<i>Dickensiana</i>	38	<i>Phallicism</i>	37
<i>East Anglian</i>	18	<i>Raven (The)</i>	21
<i>Eliphas Levi's Writings</i>	30	<i>Regular Pickle (A)</i>	31
<i>Ellis, W. A.</i>	36	<i>Rideal, C. F.</i>	17
<i>Forlong, Major-General J. G. R.</i>	12	<i>Rising of Gudrum</i>	18
<i>Forty Years</i>	13	<i>Salem Ben Usair</i>	12
<i>Folk-Songs</i>	23	<i>Sphinx</i>	35
<i>Geometrical Psychology</i>	31	<i>Sultan Stork</i>	3
<i>George, G. M.</i>	7	<i>Sheikh-Zada</i>	13
<i>Gibb, E. J. W.</i>	13	<i>Swinburne, A. C.</i>	36
<i>Greville-Nugent, Hon. Mrs.</i>	18	<i>Sinnett, A. P.</i>	15, 16, 26, 36
<i>Hints to Collectors</i>	5, 6	<i>Sweeting, W. D.</i>	30
<i>Hubbe-Schleiden, J. U.</i>	35	<i>Spiritual Hermeneutics</i>	32
<i>Heptameron</i>	10	<i>Sea Songs and River Rhymes</i>	34
<i>Horne, R. H.</i>	11	<i>Shepherd, R. H.</i>	11, 19, 24, 34
<i>Hartmann, F.</i>	10, 16	<i>Swinburne Bibliography of</i>	4
<i>Hermes</i>	33	<i>Sithron</i>	12
<i>Illumination</i>	15	<i>Scott, J. G.</i>	22
<i>Ingram, John H.</i>	21	<i>Studies of Sensation and Event</i>	24
<i>Incidents in Life of H. P. Blavatsky</i> ...	26	<i>Serjeant, W. C. Eldon</i>	26
<i>Johnson, C. P.</i>	5, 6	<i>Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science</i> ...	28
<i>Jones, Ebenezer</i>	24	<i>Tobacco Talk</i>	8
<i>Jones, Summer</i>	24	<i>Theosophist (The)</i>	21
<i>Judge, W. G.</i>	33	<i>Two Tramps</i>	27
<i>Jennings, Hargrave</i>	37	<i>Transactions L. L. T. S.</i>	36
<i>Keightley, B.</i>	36	<i>Thackeray</i>	3, 6, 25
<i>Kitton, F. G.</i>	13, 30, 38	<i>Tamerlane</i>	11
<i>Kent, Charles</i>	7	<i>United</i>	15
<i>Kabala Demodata</i>	27	<i>Valley of Sorek</i>	7
<i>Kingsford, Mrs. Anna, M.D.</i>	32, 33	<i>Virgin of the World</i>	33
<i>Lamb</i>	34	<i>Walford's Antiquarian</i>	20
<i>Leach</i>	13	<i>Westropp, H. M.</i>	12
<i>Linton, W. J.</i>	24	<i>Walford, E.</i>	20
<i>Lilly</i>	26	<i>Walleriens</i>	7
<i>Leolinus Siluriensis</i>	17	<i>White, C. H. Evelyn</i>	18
		<i>Walte, A. E.</i>	30
		<i>Word for the Navy</i>	36

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7



